

DISCONTENT

"MOTHER OF PROGRESS"

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HOME, WASH., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 6, 1901.

WHOLE NO. 132.

THE WRONGED.

Look! the little livid faces
Haunting all the glaring highways;
See! what gaunt and ghastly women
Burking in the shadowed byways.

Every continent by nature
Blest with all her gracious bower,
Every people strong and dauntless,
Clothed in all the will and power
To translate the wood and meadow,
The swift streams and hills of treasure,
Into golden satisfaction
Of increasing need and pleasure.

Brown had they to clear the forest,
Brain they had to know and master
All the elements about them.
Long they wrought and ever faster,
Wind and water taught to serve them,
Fire and lightning called beside them,
Till the whirling-wheels of commerce
Turn without a thought to guide them.

Tireless aids of oak and iron—
Multiplying human power,
Tasks of weary length achieving:
In a quickly fleeting hour.
Thus grows every quest of treasure
Less with pain and toil attendant;
Till starlike a pledge and promise
Glow in labor's sky resplendent.

Yet the little livid faces—
Haunting all the glaring highways,
And the sad and sodden women
Burking in the shadowed byways.

What doth stow the proffered promise,
While man's willing strength is wielding;
And the eager earth responsive
To his hand her riches yielding?
What ill visaged fate or fury
Thus is humankind pursuing;
And with violets, unrelenting
Hand the victories undoing?

Courses still from tribes barbaric—
Through man's blood some fevered
tempting
Greed of gain and love of conquest,
Seizing all that's worth preempting;
Not the words of holy teachers,
Not the counsels of the sages,
Check the blighting lust of power—
That has strewn with wreck the ages.

And the stately car of progress—
Seems to wend a path entangled;
And its heavy wheels are dripping—
With the blood of beings mangled;
While below the gladsome clamor—
Of the throng's triumphant singing,
One may hear the stifled death cries
Of the trodden thousands ringing.

Let us halt and lift the maimed ones!
Shall the car rush on, unheeding,
While the children and our brothers
Lie beneath it weeping—bleeding?
Shall few gather countless riches
With imperious greed unblushing,
While the process that contents them
Is unnumbered thousands crushing?

See the piteous little faces!
Take the task they thrust before us!
See! our hungering sisters—brothers,
With their sunken eyes implore us!

—Jerome V. Pierce.

MARKHAM'S TRIBUTE TO THE QUEEN

Instances are not lacking to prove
that great poets have often perverted a
natural and blessed gift to base pur-
poses; that they have not hesitated to
tune their harps to please the ears of
those who fawn at the feet of titled
snobs or bask in the sunlight of privi-
lege. The truth of this is well illus-
trated by Edwin Markham in his poeti-
cal effusion to Victoria, the royal para-

site of England. Falsehood and sycophancy uttered in plain prose are well-nigh insupportable, but wrapped in the drapery of a poet's fancy they are simply disgusting. Edwin Markham, poet, and Andrew Carnegie, multimillionaire, joining hands to honor the memory of a ruler who allowed, in Ireland alone, a million and a half of her subjects to perish from famine! Wealth and genius! Could the devil himself ask a more powerful combination behind which to intrench a living lie?

Herein are a few samples of the stuff that rang through Carnegie hall in eulogy of her who had:

"Gone down the way where all of earth recedes;
Leaving behind a fragrance of good deeds,
A wreath of memories forever green."
And again in future days:

"When London dead shall be some poet's theme,
There suddenly will sweep into his rhyme
Victoria's name long lavandered by time,
And all the poet heart of him will stir
At some heart-warm chronicles of her,
Of this dead queen, her quick reply to need."

And again:

"Greater than any king . . .
Was this queen mother, gracious, gentle,
good;
A white flower of Christian womanhood."

Contrast this slush with the Century poem by the same author in No. 299 of Free Society, where he pictures the "Strong Young Titan of Democracy" as one who:

"Peers into the face of privilege and cries,
'Why are you halting in the path of man?
Is it your shoulder bears the human load?'
Do you draw down the rains of the sweet heaven
And keep the green thing growing?
Back to hell!"

Yet in contradiction of this emphatic condemnation of privilege Edwin Markham sullies his manhood by lauding to the extent of his ability a woman who existed as a powerful queen by the right of a privilege which sensible, honest men repudiated two centuries ago: Verily, "talk is cheap," and poetry also. And who but a poet would ever have dreamed of referring to that stupid, commonplace woman who cumbered the earth for over 80 years and never earned a mouthful of the food she ate, who but a poetie charlatan, I repeat, would refer to Victoria as a "white flower" who left behind her a "fragrance of good deeds"?

There are things that make a poem an "offense." Markham has been guilty of them. —KATE AUSTIN.
Caplinger Mills, Mo.

The world is full of judgment days, and into every assembly that a man enters, in every action he attempts, he is gauged and stamped.—EMERSON.

TO THOSE INTERESTED.

I desire to say, as one of the publishing group here, that, while we have received some very pleasant and kindly letters (for which we at this time tender our very cordial and sincere thanks to the writers of the same) some of the comments concerning the result of Comrade Govan's recent arrest are slightly exasperating. There seems to be a snarl—let me try to unravel it, please. The whole matter is very simple from our point of view, and I shall be glad if you can look at it from the same vantage ground.

On a recent date a postoffice inspector came here, called at the postoffice, made some inquiries about our paper, stated complaint had been made as to its character, desired to know who was responsible, and, on leaving, ordered and paid for the paper to be sent to him for six months.

Comrade Govan was present, and being himself much the most important factor in the issuance of our little messenger, frankly and readily averred that he was the responsible party. The inspector departed, but a few weeks later a strange craft was seen in our waters, and it was not altogether a surprise to us to find that it was the penitentiary launch, with a United States marshal aboard, to arrest one Chas. L. Govan for mailing obscene matter.

It gives me pleasure to record that most of the people here were ready to go bail for our printer; and, happily, two had full property qualifications. I am also heartily glad to be able to state that several members of the publishing group offered, and were ready, to take Govan's place and punishment—if the thing could be successfully worked—each one of these deeming he was equally responsible for the publishing, mailing, etc., of our periodical. Indeed, Comrade Larkin went up to Seattle to take the onus of the charge, but in that the district attorney held that Govan was the malefactor, he having admitted that he CAUSED copies of DISCONTENT to be sent to that Atlanta preacher who complained (by the way this man was once a personal friend of Govan, and, perchance, would not have done as he did if he had known who it was that had the paper mailed to him. Oh, the irony of fate!) Of course, we all recognize the utter contemptibility of the act to whomsoever done).

When Govan and the friends left for Seattle they, and all others here, supposed they were going to the preliminary trial of the matter, but on arrival there they found they were mistaken, and being anxious to dispose of the case and return home, deeming it of most import to keep DISCONTENT running—they were advised by one whom we know to be a friend of our people, and of our principles, to make the plea of "nolle contendere" as the easiest way out. This plea, if I am correctly informed, restricts the court to the imposition of a fine

merely, and upon nonpayment of same an imprisonment limited to 30 days.

Comrade Govan INSISTED that he was NOT GUILTY and that there was no obscenity in published article complained of! The learned judge held a variant view and stated that he should NOT ACCEPT the plea of "nolle contendere" unless he knew of certainty that the fine he imposed would be paid, AS HE PROPOSED TO HAVE SOMEWHAT TO SAY AS TO TIME OF IMPRISONMENT FOR PRISONER'S OFFENSE! (Note the force of that remark, please.) The judge then asked Govan how much he could pay, saying he would not take all he (Govan) had (?) Govan was then permitted to leave the room to consult with friends. In a few moments the district attorney followed and asked "How much can you raise?" J. W. Adams, a friend of Govan, replied: "He has but a house and lot in Home colony worth \$100." "Well," answered the attorney, turning to the victim, "You can raise that amount among your friends," and then left them. On reentering the courtroom our comrade told the judge he could raise \$100. This the judge casually asked for and received, and our comrades were free to return to "there's no place like it."

We rejoiced in their coming, for tho' we could ill spare those dollars, we could less afford to lose our printer! This is a hard-up crowd in a pioneer settlement rustling for a livelihood. Comrade Govan absent there would be no DISCONTENT, for we simply cannot afford to pay a printer. Most things finally resolve themselves into matters of expediency—this was one. It takes hard cash to law with; we haven't it and we didn't propose to beg for it! This group never has and never will make appeals for assistance. Our paper, DISCONTENT, will stand or fall on its merits. We shall extend its circulation at every opportunity; we shall improve its tone and quality by every means in our power, and to this end many comrades might easily assist, for, as has been said before, our chief need is "copy."

This is the mouthpiece of the DISCONTENTED. If you are in that crowd, write up your feelings occasionally, and, believe me, we shall be only too glad to give it space if of interest to truthseekers. This is your paper; we do not wish to exercise censorship of it, but we give preference of space to such articles as seem of most interest to the group here, believing that our AVERAGE judgment is that of the radicals who peruse our paper. Is DISCONTENT a good thing? If so, help it along as suggested, please. Hopefully, I am yours for Liberty,

C. H. CHEYSE.

Civil government, as we know it, exists only because of sin. It is, therefore, necessarily imperfect at best, being only human in its conception of rights and its administration of justice, and in the very nature of things can never have any rightful authority over the conscience.—Sentinel of Liberty.

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"MOTHER OF PROGRESS".

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FREE COMMUNISM VS. FREE COM- MERCIALISM.

No. 5.

As Mr. Brinkerhoff continues to ignore my request for his definition of the term Free Communism, I will offer mine, making it as brief as is consistent with a clear understanding of it. I trust I shall always remember that, although this controversy is strictly between Mr. Brinkerhoff and myself, we are both submitting our views for the benefit of the readers of DISCONTENT. I have not engaged in this debate through mere love of controversial hair splitting, nor do I hope or expect to convert my opponent to my views. Experience has shown that belief and acceptance of any given theory is largely a matter of temperament in the individual. If it were not for the possibility that our friendly exchange of views may have a certain value in enabling some of the readers of DISCONTENT to arrive at a better understanding of the respective philosophies represented, there would be but little excuse for continuing the discussion. I have no doubt that friend Brinkerhoff has come to his conclusions only after a great deal of thought and study, and that he is quite familiar with the stock arguments used by intelligent adherents of his school. Whether or not he also knows the philosophy which I represent will appear during the progress of this discussion. I think, notwithstanding my opponent's complaint that I evince a desire to confine the debate to definitions and explanations, I have made it plain that I have a right to insist upon a clear understanding of the subjects under consideration, since it is proposed to continually use the terms Free Commercialism and Free Communism (or synonymous terms) during the debate.

I submit the following definition and explanation of the term Free Communism and the philosophy which it stands for:

Definition: Abolition of the state, and administration of the affairs of men on a communistic basis, through voluntary groups.

Explanation: Let us follow the processes of a newly-organized society as we believe they will develop under free conditions.

The state being abolished, production distribution and exchange will be carried on at labor cost, resulting in the cessation of rent, interest and profit. Labor being free, free production will be made possible, and the production of wealth will increase to an enormous extent, limited only by the consumptive capacity of the people. As production increases price falls, and value (exchange value, not utility,) tends to disappear. This process goes on until most products become so plentiful and cheap that price disappears completely. Many forms of wealth, in constant use by every individual, will remain in the pos-

session of individuals, as, for instance, books, household utensils and furniture, etc. Other forms, such as processes of transportation, communication, exchange, art collections, etc., will be held in common, for the common (free) use and benefit. As all men seek to gratify their desires with the least possible exertion (a truth recognized by my opponent, but woefully misapplied,) and as all incentive to own private property has disappeared (since the fear of want no longer obtains and products have become so plentiful that all can have what they desire without price) goods will be held more and more in common. The abolition in this way of private property will put a stop to 95 per cent of all crime, for it can be demonstrated that fully that large percentage consists of crimes against property, and the necessity for jails, courts, policemen, detectives and all the machinery of a restraining government will be at an end. There will not be any need for intricate book-keeping, keeping of accounts, banking, etc., which would be required under any system of private property, consequently these will be done away with. The law of Love will have full scope, competition, sordidness and avarice will gradually give way before it, and finally disappear altogether. Mankind will live as brethren, finding their highest gratification in doing good works.

Such is in brief an outline of Free Communism as I understand it, and in succeeding papers I shall endeavor to show that this is the natural, inevitable result of freedom of opportunity. If friend Brinkerhoff accepts this as a basis for future argument, well and good; if not, let him present his objections and I will try to meet them.

In his Part 5 Mr. Brinkerhoff says that I am wrong "in insisting upon a logical treatment of this subject." How then should it be treated? If not logically, then the inference is plain that friend Brinkerhoff desires it to be treated illogically. I will not insinuate that his treatment of the subject so far bears out this assumption, for I really believe that he is as desirous as I am to get at the truth in this matter. He is unfortunate, however, in the choice of his reference to a schoolteacher teaching his pupils history. If we only wanted to treat our subject superficially we might stop at the first step, but as the student who wishes a thorough knowledge of history has to learn the basic principles and "dig into the foundations," so we, who are endeavoring to get at the motives of human conduct and the root of a profound philosophy, must also "dig into the foundations." If we fail to do so we shall make but little headway in this investigation.

My opponent says I am mistaken in likening this controversy to the building of a house. He says "My house is already built, and I am eager to take it to pieces and try to give Mr. Holmes an understanding of each part and its relations to other parts and to the whole." Where is Mr. Brinkerhoff's house? It certainly must be in his mind, for it has no tangible existence. I beg to remind Mr. Brinkerhoff that we are not analyzing the present system of society, but studying the possible construction of a new order. When we have a structure before us to pull to pieces, then his analytical method of treatment should come

first; but when we set out to construct something which only exists as a theory in the mind, then it is necessary first to pursue the other method, and to make our foundation sure, and afterward we may pursue the analytical method, and, in order to show that our work is thorough and complete, take our structure to pieces and show the relation of its parts.

In conclusion, in answer to C. L. James' criticism that I concede too much in giving way to Mr. Brinkerhoff's definitions, I find that it is absolutely necessary to waive some points in order that we may make any progress in this discussion. All suggestions made by this critic are but anticipations of arguments already pretty well digested, and when we get into the debate proper all essential points will be met and covered. The main difficulty between Mr. Brinkerhoff and myself is that I want to treat the subject in a logical manner, while he wishes it considered in—well, some other way.

WM. HOLMES.

THE WOMAN WHO DIED.

A woman named Victoria Guelph died the other day. The whole world then put on sackcloth and ashes. Pomp and ceremony, bunting and black-drapery, slowly-marching soldiery, majestic services in grand cathedrals, solemn music, crowds, crowds, crowds, and crushed people—these were the accompaniments of her marvelous funeral. And in all the cities of the world weak copies of these pageantries occurred. Then from the mouthpieces of the world arose a chorus of praise and eulogy, well-regulated sorrow and decorous lamentations. Who so great and good? Who so saintly and wise? What so wonderful as this woman's long, long queenship? And the echoes of the chorus float on the air throughout republics, democracies, as in the kingdoms and empires.

But what was she and what has she done?

Looked at apart from her pomp and paraphernalia she was simply a plain, fat, commonplace, old woman. A woman who possessed but a very ordinary intelligence, who wrote a book so dull and prosy even her courtiers could barely read it, who never uttered an original idea, and who did very little in life that was really useful.

"She was a good mother, wife and woman, if you care nothing for her queenship," say her shocked admirers.

If she was a good wife she only fulfilled her "duty," to fail of which in the least iota is in a common woman to be disgraced in the eyes of society. If a good mother, she was only successful in her business. It paid her to multiply and replenish the earth. With every child came an additional pension into the aristocratic family of paupers. If they all lived, it was but preserving the aggregate of wealth for her own line. Yes, we will admit she was a careful, saving, devoted mother to her children; she saw that they were kept in luxurious idleness if a thousand other mothers' babies had to starve to death to accomplish it.

"But her reign was never marked by tyranny and acts of atrocity such as have stained the reigns of other queens and kings," it is urged.

Ask her Irish subjects if in their heart

of hearts they loved their sovereign? Has not her reign been one long-drawn-out agony to the subjects who grow heart-sick in the long-deferred hope of freedom? Famine stricken, they have seen the wealth of bountiful harvests borne out of their land to feed her children. Toiling like oxen, to save the miserable sheds they called home, they have despairingly watched them torn to the ground, and wandered away no one knew where. What of the millions in her "empire" whose best existence is a long-continued, half starvation, and who die by the roadside that her children may miss no item of luxury in their well-protected lives? No atrocities in her reign? They have not burned at the stake, or mysteriously imprisoned annoying relations, or put out people's eyes, or caused unaccountable disappearances, or cut off the heads of superfluous wives and husbands as they used to do, perhaps. But her officials knew how to deal with "rebels"—with people who would not be robbed nor consent to starve quietly. They were tied to their cannon's mouth and shot to pieces, saving much time and trouble. Are there any "atrocities" greater than that of starving children in the arms of despairing skeletons of mothers, in that wide land of misery? What greater "atrocities" than the "tributes" snatched out of the bony hands of dying men? What of the blood spilt, the lives sacrificed, the suffering endured, by the queen's "loving subjects" where a brave, freedom-loving people in a faraway country are struggling for a right to live in the homes they have made? The long reign is far from being white and clear. It is marked from one end to the other with hideous crimson and black stains, and the shrieks of the innocent echo throughout its length.

"But she was not to blame for all these things; the policy of the country was outlined by other minds and carried out by other hands." Then she was a criminally ignorant figurehead who ought to be consigned to an ignominious oblivion rather than worshiped as a good and wise leader.

She was charitable, they say. She took a small pinch of the enormous wealth she had extracted from her starving people and pompously and piously flung it back to them. "A little charity covereth a multitude of sins."

LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

PERMANENT MILITARISM.

The bill passed by the senate yesterday doubles the size of the regular army at the minimum, compared with its numbers before the war with Spain, and nearly quadruples it "at the discretion of the president."

This power to increase the standing army at will is not the prerogative of any sovereign in Europe. Thus does imperialism outrun militarism under our adoption of old-world policies.

The great cost of this increased army is the least of the objections to it. It is menacing as an institution in a republic. It is sinister in its suggestiveness of a permanent policy of aggression and conquest.—New York World.

What a hurry we are in for our results. Nothing in nature is in a hurry. First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn.—F. G. Peabody.

DISCONTENT

CHAINS.

BY NELLIE M. JERAULD.

CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.

The day before Jane died she asked to see Carroll alone. He had waited on her and was always within call, but, knowing that Boyd was preferred, he never intruded. When he went to her bed she said:

"Carroll, I want you to do something for me. Will you do what I ask?"

"Yes, if it is within my power."

"Call your father and mother, and the doctor."

When they came into the room Jane said to the doctor "Write."

Writing material was handed to him and he said "I am ready."

"To Joseph—Boyd—I bequeath—my farm—known as—the Pettigrew—farm—and all my—stock—horses, cows and sheep."

Then, with trembling hand, she signed her name and motioned for the others to sign. The three affixed their names without hesitation, and then Jane whispered "Joseph." They left her, and Boyd went to her. What was said during the next hour none knew except the dying woman and the man she loved.

When Mary went into the room again she found Boyd kneeling by the bed and Jane's hand resting in his, and they were in that position when she died a few moments later. Just before she died she whispered "Joseph" and looked at him longingly; he seemed to understand and pressed his lips to hers; she smiled and feebly pressing his hand she died.

A few days after the funeral Boyd asked to see Sam, Mary and Carroll. When they had met in the sittingroom he said:

"I hardly know how to make myself understood. It is in regard to this," and he held up a folded paper. "I want to give it to you, Mr. Archer—I have no right to it—and then I will go away so the sight of me will never again annoy you."

"Mr. Boyd, that paper is yours; keep it. The farm and stock are yours. I will see that a deed is made out in your name. I relinquish all claim to it."

"Mr. Archer, I don't understand this at all."

"I will explain it to you," answered Carroll, and then he told Boyd why he had married Jane. "I have felt that my life was ruined by my greed for gain. It does not give me the pleasure it did, and I promised Jane to see that you had the farm, and I must keep my promise."

"Mr. Boyd," said Mary, "it was a gift of love, you understand that, and it was the last thing that she could do for you."

With bowed head Boyd replied:

"She told me that she had provided a way so I could leave the ministry and not suffer disgrace or longer be a hypocrite. And this is the way. I will never again enter a church as a minister, that at least I can do to atone."

In a few weeks Boyd was established on the Pettigrew farm. He had a widowed sister, the mother of two boys, and he asked her to come and be his housekeeper, which invitation she gladly accepted, for she found it hard to sup-

port herself and children. Boyd made a more successful farmer than was thought possible and they prospered reasonably well. Carroll Archer was always ready to help Boyd with advice and in many ways proved himself a good friend.

It occasioned considerable talk when it was found that Jane had left her property to Boyd. But none knew the real reason, except the doctor and the witnesses, and as they told nothing it was supposed that she had given him the property "as a sort of gift to the Lord."

Boyd never forgot Jane, and his thoughts of her for a few months were very tender and he felt that he had grown to love her, but this thought grew dim, and in time became only the memory of a memory, and when, a year after Jane's death, a friend of his sister came to the farm on a visit, he found it so pleasant to have her there that when she said she must return to the city he begged her to stay, and grew so eloquent in his love making that he was irresistible, and Martha Cleves said she would stay. And ere many weeks passed the words were spoken that transformed her from Martha Cleves to Mrs. Boyd. So far as known they lived happily. Boyd never told his past to his wife and if she had a past she was silent on the subject.

The last I knew of them they were a staid, quiet couple, well past the prime of life, with quite a family of girls to brighten their life. There was one singularity that was often remarked—he would have nothing to do with revivals or revivalists and objected to his wife and girls attending such meetings. If he ever gave any reason for this singularity I never heard it.

Carroll lived on the Archer farm and hired an old woman for housekeeper. He continued to visit Sarah and when her father died, a few months after Boyd's marriage, she and Carroll were married. They went to Fairview a few days and Carroll said to his mother:

"Living where we do, in such a community, there was no other way to do and live in peace. We love each other very much and I know enough not to let marriage make any difference. I shall not feel that I own Sary and she will not think that I belong to her."

"I suppose under the circumstances that was the best thing to do, if you can always remember, but marriage is apt to foster the ownership idea."

Carroll and Sarah were undoubtedly congenial, and when little voices sounded through the old house and little feet pattered over the floors Carroll's happiness seemed complete. The bank account did not grow and it was hard sometimes to meet his bills when due, but Carroll had known the joy (?) of lands and money, he now had the joy of love. He said: "I would rather be poor and have Sary and the children than be rich and loveless."

And Jennie said to Rollin: "Out of all this dreadful tangle, heartache and misery, happiness and peace has come to all—but Jane died. Sometimes, Rollin, when I hear the rain beating down upon the roof and hear the wind moaning I think of poor unhappy Jane there in the churchyard and wonder what her compensation is for her terrible suffering. Poor woman, was she ever happy?"

"Jennie, dear, you are a very sympathetic woman, but do not allow yourself to become unhappy over the past. I do

not think that Jane was ever very unhappy until that last trouble. She followed her own inclination constantly; you know Carroll never objected to anything she wanted to do and she told Mary that he had always been good to her, and up to the time that she discovered her intimacy with Boyd had been found out I do not think she was unhappy, and even then had Boyd remained with her I think it would have been all right, but his desertion proved that he cared nothing for her and then her real suffering began, so it appears to me. As for compensation, that is a question I will not try to answer. I am very much inclined to think that the law of nature is the same always, viz., as we sow, so shall we reap. These psychical questions are very interesting, but not so profitable."

"Well, Rollin, I am glad that Carroll is happy. He is devoted to his family, and Sarah has been a loving companion."

"Yes, and Carroll tells me that they still practice what they preach—that they do not abridge one another's freedom in any way. They ask no questions concerning the other's private affairs, and he says it is the only way to keep love."

"He is right," answered Jennie, "nothing will kill love so quickly as to feel that we must love because it is a duty—because we must."

"Are you speaking from experience?" gravely asked Rollin; his voice was grave, but his eyes sparkled with laughter.

"No, not from my own experience; you know that, Rollin, dear, but judging from the experience of others. I am uneasy about Howard; his last letter was a peculiar one, it seems to me."

"Well, well, little wife, if you have no trouble of your own, you can find enough belonging to others, but, dear, your shoulders are not broad enough. Come, let us go down to the rest of the family."

And with his arm around her Rollin and Jennie went down the stairs. What if the hair was turning white? What if Time was leaving his marks on the face? They were still Rollin and Jennie, and the same devoted lovers.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Howard and Mayme took the wedding trip, and every plan that had been made was fully carried out. All the places that Mayme had expressed a wish to visit Howard was glad to take her. He had the dearest wish of his heart—he had Mayme alone with him, and she belonged to him. Was he happy? Far from it. Every day he grew more wretched, for it became so plain, even to the husband, that Mayme cared more for every other man's admiration than she did for his. Why should she care for Howard's admiration when she knew, without doubt, that he belonged to her—that the law bound him to her?

When Howard proposed that they take a quiet boardinghouse instead of the great hotel, Mayme said:

"Indeed, I will not! I am going to the large hotel where I can see and be seen."

"But, dear, I have not been alone with you since we were married, except sometimes very late at night, and then you were so tired and cross. I do want a few days alone with my wife."

"Oh, Howard, don't be so foolish;

we'll have plenty of time together; just think of all the years we will have to live together!"

Howard sighed, and during the journey said nothing more of his wishes. Mayme flirted with the young men; not openly, for she had a regard for her reputation, but with a shy glance, a half smile, she made many a heart flutter and many eyes followed her. Just as Howard was caught these others would have been caught had she been free. Howard saw it, and cursed his folly, now it was too late.

One night at a ball Mayme had been the belle; she had been praised and flattered until even she was satisfied. Handsomely dressed, young and beautiful, she was the centre of attraction. She had given Howard the first dance, and she felt that she had done all that Grundy demanded, and the rest of the evening was given to her admirers, one of whom had paid particular attention to her for several days. His attentions had not been obtrusive, in fact, they had been very deferential. He had an expressive face, a soft voice, well-bred manners, but was several years her senior. Tonight Mayme danced with him again and again, and though the matrons, who had marriageable daughters, looked askance, it was because they would rather their daughters were dancing with him, for he was a wealthy bachelor and highly connected.

(To be continued.)

It gives a person, who has some idea of a full and complete life, a terrible shock to witness the deformities of the age and time in which we live. On the streets of every city of our land can be found evidences of the injustice and brutality of our economic system. My capitalistic friend, you may be satisfied with deformed bodies, dwarfed statutes, undeveloped minds and degenerate morals, but the revolutionary forces are not. It is a shame that the best that an honest and industrious wage-worker can look forward to is a life of incessant toil and frugality in youth and middle age, and of penury and want in old age. Our lives should be richer and more complete. The common people, and there are lots of us, have but few or no opportunities to enjoy the blessings of life. Our time is occupied in securing and holding a position and in figuring how far we can make the insufficient wages go toward satisfying our immediate necessities, never once thinking of buying the luxuries. If the favored ones of today had to endure for a short time the toil, privation and bitter anticipation of the masses they would be revolutionists of the rankest type. It is not right, it is not proper, that the little time we spend here on this earth should be devoted so exclusively to simply providing for the commonest necessities of life. As was said before, my capitalistic friend may be satisfied, but the common people are not. Still the capitalist is not particularly to blame. The people have the power, whenever they see fit to use it, to bring about the desired change. The capitalist is a victim of circumstances as well as we.—Ex.

If to chaffer and higgle are bad in trade they are much worse in love. It demands directness as of an arrow—Thoreau.

DISCONTENT

ASSOCIATION NOTES.

E.C. Miles having resigned the postmastership Mattie D. Penhallow was appointed to the position.

J. W. Hoover, who has for two months been staying at Lakebay, is now here. He made us a short visit some time ago and has returned for a longer stay.

Rose Thornhill and family, who have been living at Lakebay for the past year, have come to live at Home. They are occupying the place formerly used by the Hubers.

Those who have seen a copy of the first number of the second year of "Clothed With the Sun" will be surprised to hear that all the work on it, except presswork, was done by Lois Waisbrooker herself, and that she was 4 years of age the day her paper was issued. Truly, it was a great undertaking, but one with so great a will can accomplish great things. She is now occupying her own house.

A party of thirty left Home on Friday evening, 22 ult., on the Typhoon, to attend a masquerade given at Balch's Cove. To say that all had a good time would be putting it mildly. Mr. and Mrs. Peterson and daughter, and Mr. Winchester know how to be hospitable, and they succeeded in making us have a great time. We hope for a chance to return the compliment. Some of the makeups were good. Two from here dressed in suits of white trimmed with red, and on the suits were printed the outside pages of the last issue of DISCONTENT, while here and there were printed the words, "Discontent. Mother of Progress." Two very attractive suits, indeed. But the surprise of the evening was the makeup of Mr. Winchester. None suspected him of impersonating a woman, but as the old huckster-woman he was a great conundrum. Everybody anxiously waited to see who the old woman was.

The land owned by the Mutual Home Association is located on Von Geldern Cove (known locally as Joes Bay), an arm of Carr's Inlet, and is 13 miles west from Tacoma on an air line, but the steamer route is about 20 miles.

The association is simply a land-holding institution, and can take no part in the starting of an industry. All industries are inaugurated by the members interested, and those willing to help them. Streets are not opened yet and we have no sidewalks. Those thinking of coming here must expect to work, as it is not an easy task to clear this land and get it in condition for cultivation. There are 80 people here—22 men, 22 women and 36 children—girls over 15 years 5; boys 3. We are not living communistic, but there is not anything in our articles of incorporation and agreement to prohibit any number of persons from living in that manner if they desire to do so. Those waiting for information will please inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

RECEIPTS.

Talbot \$2; Nylen \$1; J. Task \$1; R. Task \$1; Haller 50c; Palm 50c; Hallbeck 50c; Hermann 50c; Bodhain 50c; Gentis 25c; Unknown 20c.

FREE PRESS AGAIN ATTACKED.

Once more the bullies and cowards, working under cover of the Comstock law, are seeking to destroy a little weekly paper. Out in the state of Washington a small company of men, women and children are trying to the best of their ability to establish a community in which the principle of equal liberty shall be the chief cornerstone of their social structure. Home is the name the colonists have given to the place they have settled, and once a week their little messenger, DISCONTENT, goes out to the world, filled with the high aims and aspirations of those who are striving to introduce a more just and equitable condition of things than prevails among men at the present time. The writers for the paper very frequently handle the follies and delusions of the day without gloves, but always in language that it would be well for some of our great city dailies to imitate; nevertheless, at the instance of a Christian (?) preacher, the printer of the paper, Chas. L. Govan, was arrested, on December 22, on the charge of mailing "obscene matter." Why is it that these complaints are made by those calling themselves Christians? Have these people lost all faith in prayer that they must needs appeal to the state every time matter issues from the printing press that is obnoxious to them?—J. T. Small, in Boston Traveler.

CORRECTION.

In DISCONTENT of February 6, on second page, third column, lines 52, 53 and 54, there is use of capitals which changes the sense. What I meant to say is: I have said nothing about free commercialism. I have endeavored to discuss Free Commercialism. Note the omission of capitals F and C in the opening sentence. EDGAR D. BRINKERHOFF.

HOW TO GET TO HOME.

All those intending to make us a visit will come to Tacoma and take the steamer TYPHOON for HOME. The steamer leaves Commercial dock on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1 p.m. Leaves Sunday at 8 a.m. Be sure to ask the captain to let you off at HOME.

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ORDER OF DISCONTENT.

Articles of Incorporation and Agreement of the Mutual Home Association.

Be it remembered, that on the 17th day of January, 1898, we, the undersigned, have associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under the laws of the State of Washington.

That the name of the corporation shall be The Mutual Home Association.

The purpose of the association is to assist its members in obtaining and building homes for themselves and to aid in establishing better social and moral conditions.

The location of this corporation shall be at Home, located on Joes Bay, Pierce County, State of Washington; and the association may establish in other places in this state branches of the same where two or more persons may wish to locate.

Any person may become a member of this association by paying into the treasury a sum equal to the cost of the land he or she may select, and one dollar for a certificate, and subscribing to this agreement.

The affairs of this association shall be conducted by a board of trustees, elected as may be provided for by the by-laws.

A certificate of membership shall entitle the legal holder to the use and occupancy of not less than one acre of land nor more than two (less all public streets) upon payment annually into the treasury of the association a sum equal to the taxes assessed against the tract of land he or she may hold.

All money received from memberships shall be used only for the purpose of purchasing land. The real estate of this association shall never be sold, mortgaged or disposed of. A unanimous vote of all members of this association shall be required to change these articles of incorporation.

No officer, or other person, shall ever be empowered to contract any debt in the name of this association.

All certificates of membership shall be for life.

Upon the death of any member a certificate of membership shall be issued covering the land described in certificate of membership of deceased:

First: To person named in will or bequest.

Second: Wife or husband.

Third: Children of deceased; if there is more than one child they must decide for themselves.

All improvements upon land covered by a certificate of membership shall be personal property, and the association as such has no claim thereto.

Any member has the right of choice of any land not already chosen or set aside for a special purpose.

CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP:

This is to certify that _____ has subscribed to the articles of incorporation and agreement and paid into the treasury of The Mutual Home Association the sum of _____ dollars, which entitles _____ to the use and occupancy for life of lot _____, block _____, as platted by the association, upon complying with the articles of agreement.

AGENTS FOR DISCONTENT.

San Francisco—L. Nylen, 26 Lewis st. Honolulu—A. Klemencic, P. O. Box 800.

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